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HEROICK ELEGY

Upon the most Lamented Death of that Excellent Hero

Sir Edmund Wyndham,

Knight Marshal of ENGLAND.

A Wake ye dead, ye glorious Heavenly Host,
And bid your Welcomes to a new come Ghost.
A Ghost of Honour, Rob'd with Christian Grace,
Who now hath fought his Fight, and gain'd his Race;
Who hath pass'd bravely o're this Worlds great Stage,
Adorn'd with Crowns of Honour and of Age.
He was a man of most accomplish'd Parts,
The learned Master both of Arms and Arts.
Doubly *Palladian* so he doth possess
The Crown of Glory and of Righteousness.
Nay, what to mortal more beaded can?
He was a most unblemish'd honest man.
Who amongst you can boast a greater thing,
Than t'have been nursing Father to a King.
And such a King who studies still to bless
These Kingdoms with a lasting Happiness.
Nay, in the fiercest heats of Wars Alarms
Did carry him in's heart, as well as Arms.
So that His Majesties most Royal Sence
Plac'd Marshals Staff, where he might's Conscience.
For his Endeavours always were to bring
Great Glories to his Gracious God, and King.
Farewell good *Windham* then, whose virtuous Soul
Did all Rebellious Vermin here controul:
Who beat long Serpents out of their round Beds,
And broke the many headed *Hydra's* Heads.
He was the Glory both of Sword and Gown,
And known Supporter of the Royal Crown;
Which he appear'd to be in th'worst of Times,
When all this Land was laden with foul Crimes;
When all Religion too was banish'd hence,
And Treason pass'd for good Convenience:
When horrid Rebels kept their King in Awe,
And Civil Arms were cri'd up Common Law.
When all these Kingdoms were in mischief hurld,
He stood unmov'd, th'Eighth Wonder of the World:
Fix'd like that *Empireum*, nor did know
Or care for Tumults of these Orbes below.

These Orbes below, I mean which still go round,
And ne'er are quiet till they do confound.
When base Rebellion was pure Virtue made,
And ourst High-Treason was become a Trade;
He like another *Archimed* did bring
Engines to work, to Reinthrone his King.
Those Engines sure were Angels, that he sent
To help his oppress'd Prince in's Banishment.
When all was out of help, nay hopes of man,
He then advanc'd his Angels Guardian.
He never fear'd Rogues Pillage, nor spar'd Purse
That he might clear his Country from that Curse
Which when His Majesty well understood,
He'd have him like himself, so great, as good.
Nor could his gracious goodness make a shift,
To give this Land a more Basilick Gift,
Nay, sure his Royal Favour could afford
No greater Honour, than his Marshal's Sword:
And who could better manage it than he,
Whose Soul was the rich Sheath of Loyalty.
Who can but humbly prostrate, now adore,
So brisk a Soul, in body 'bove Fourscore;
Yet he must yield at last to cruel Death,
But for a Pause to gain immortal Breath.
Where he doth now his *Io Pæans* sing
For his good King on Earth, to Heaven's great King.
More Comfort is, that he hath left behind,
Such Noble Sons, th' high Offspring of his Mind;
That you can't chuse but hope that we shall see
These Kingdoms bless'd in their Posterity.
Let *Hackney* Poets now make haste, and run
To court the Glories of the Rising Sun;
Whilst honour'd *Windom's* Coarse, more like the Sun,
Shines forth most glorious at his going down.
And so he meets in that most pompous Dress,
In th'other world, the Son of Righteousness.

London, Printed An. Dom. 1681. 129.